

Catch The Snitch - Ayessel

Description - Harry was bitten by a werewolf in 3rd year, but due to complications, won't change on full moons. While normally that would be enough for anyone to be assuaged of their guilt as they would be free from losing control every full moon, the heightened senses and strength still make Harry wary of any form of rough sex. Hermione has a plan to draw out his more animalistic side, all she needs to do is act on it.

Tags - Rough Sex, Degradation, Breeding Kink

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Hermione Granger had never been normal.

Whether that be by society's standards, her parent's standards, her peer's standards, or even her own.

She was fine with this. Really, she was. This was partly the fault of her best friend, Harry Potter.

She had been an outcast in primary school and never really had much in the way of friends. She would prefer to sit with a book and lose herself in a different world to distract from the fact no one wanted her.

Then her Hogwarts letter arrived and everything changed. She couldn't help the hope that had bubbled in her chest as McGonagall had explained to her and her parents the existence of magic. Finally, she had an excuse for why she felt like an outsider, and why people never wanted to play with her or talk to her. She was a witch and that was why she was different!

That hope was crushed when she actually went to Hogwarts, she found that instead of like-minded individuals and opportunities to make friends she was met with scorn and annoyance due to her intelligence. It had broken her completely to see that even in a world full of all sorts of magic and wonder that nothing was different. To everyone else she was still a know-it-all, a swot, a bushy-haired buck-toothed bookworm whose very presence grated on the nerves.

It was a hard pill to swallow, but she wouldn't leave Hogwarts, no matter how the isolation hurt her. Magic was too good for her to give up on, or so she thought.

Halloween came around and after some comments courtesy of Ron Weasey, all of the taunting looks and giggling behind her back all came crashing down on her despite how much she tried to tamp it down and ignore it.

She had been crying in the toilets for what felt like hours when she smelled something utterly foul, she was confused before sheer terror had gripped her as huge lumbering footsteps clued her into the fact that she was not alone and whatever was in there wasn't friendly in the slightest.

She had thought she was going to die. Her life flashed before her eyes and she couldn't help being disappointed at what it showed, she wasn't nearly happy enough with all she had done to simply lie down and take it, but then the unexpected happened. *Harry bloody Potter* threw himself on the back of a fully-grown mountain troll just to save her.

It was at that moment, she retroactively realised, that she had devoted herself completely and utterly to Harry. That moment there was the foundation for her loyalty to Harry and eventually, her love for him.

She had felt like a damsel in distress, or perhaps a princess in need of saving. While now she would say she didn't like stories that used such a trope as they portrayed women as helpless and as items to be won, she would admit begrudgingly that having your own knight in shining armour was rather pleasant.

The rest of that year had felt like a dream for eleven-year-old Hermione, she had friends and she no longer felt alone.

Well, she uses 'friends' loosely as she never truly became friends with Ron after he made her cry and didn't even think to apologise after Harry did most of the work saving her, more like she became loose acquaintances with him after she befriended Harry.

They went on all sorts of fantastic adventures that year and while they were more often than not terrifying, she couldn't help but find them thrilling as long as she was with Harry. Going on adventures and stopping a dark lord from rising again, it all felt like something straight out of her most prized fantasy novels and she adored it.

Summer was less enjoyable, she mainly spent all of it reading and wishing for second year to come around so she could see Harry again. Her mother had kept giving her these small knowing smiles that confused her in the moment, but looking back she now can see that her mother had been expecting them to end up together ever since the end of first year.

Second year was just as hectic as the first, and she delighted in the time she got to spend with Harry, and then it all got ruined when she was petrified.

She had never told him, but being petrified was awful, it wasn't like many of the books had said about it, claiming it was like suspended animation and the victim wouldn't remember anything in between the time they were petrified and when they woke up. Instead, she was in a limbo of sorts between awareness and the void. She assumed that her brain had compensated for the complete sensory deprivation by shutting down for large swathes of time to prevent her from simply going insane as she was locked in her own body.

Harry had, once again, been her saving grace. His visits where he would talk to her and read to her were what kept her sane, she couldn't hear him most of the time but there were snippets where she could hear him read excerpts from the textbooks to her and she was comforted by his presence.

That one action was when Hermione started to clue into the fact that she loved her best friend.

Third year was no better than second year. She had been skittish ever since she had realised her blossoming feelings for her best friend and took the time turner as an opportunity to hide and had almost burned herself out at the same time. It always came back to Harry in the end. He was the one to point out (rather forcefully) that she needed to take a break and to stop killing herself with work, she had agreed and the rest of the year went without a hitch, if you count Harry being bitten by a werewolf not a hitch that is.

He was rather lucky, Hermione mused, that the combination of Pheonix tears and basilisk venom fighting each other in his system prevented him from changing every full moon and therefore prevented him from being classified as a werewolf. He did, however, get all of the side

effects that were common like heightened senses, territorial behaviour and an allergy to silver, just to name a few.

Hermione always felt bad about that night, as she was the one he threw himself in front of, taking a bite on the shoulder to save her from getting mauled. He tried to play it off but she knew the criss-crossing silver scars on his chest and the bite on his shoulder bothered him immensely. She tried to convince him that they weren't that big of a deal but he always shrugged off her attempts, saying that "they're just another identifying scar people want to stare at" which she couldn't really argue with, even if she disagreed.

The rest of their years at Hogwarts followed that pattern. A deadly tournament and subsequent shunning by the school, a wonderful night where he took her to the Yule Ball to balance things out. Then came Voldemort's resurrection and soon after they were in the middle of a war.

All in all, Hermione would say that her and Harry's life had been hell, but at least now that things were all settled and Voldemort was dead things were looking up.

She had given her virginity to him when they tracked down her parents and successfully restored their memories. It was a night she'll never forget and it was the night that they fully gave themselves to each other.

Now, they were back at Hogwarts for their 8th year and Hermione couldn't be happier, except for one tiny fact. Hermione Granger had never been normal, and it's only right that extends to sex as well.

She's currently quite miffed with Harry. She really should have addressed the mental effects being a pseudo-werewolf would have on Harry, because the boy absolutely refused to be rough with her in the bed at all, and while every time they did have sex was amazing and beautiful, she couldn't help the burning need brewing in her to be pinned down and fucked to within an inch of her life.

So here she was, having the same conversation for what felt like the 500th time with Harry.

"Hermione, you know I don't like being like that, I've never liked being overly rough or forceful no matter what it is," Harry argued, though his heart wasn't in it.

"Harry, don't lie to me. Before the end of third year, you were always very hands-on when I let you with hugs and holding hands, ever since you were bitten you got skittish because your strength scared you." Hermione shot back

"Yes, it does. Why can't you accept that? Why can't you accept that I don't want to hurt you?" Harry pleaded

"Because it's not healthy to be constantly holding back Harry! You can't always bottle up everything in an effort to protect everything around you! I'm not made of glass Harry." Hermione explained. She felt like this was going in circles but every time they had this conversation she could feel his reticence crack a little more, this was as much for him as it was for her. She wanted a rough fucking and Harry needed to learn that he didn't need to protect people from himself just because he was bitten. He doesn't even change on full moons for Pete's sake!

"What do you suggest we do then? I can't get over my need to protect you. You know that." He finished in a whisper

“Of course you can’t. I’m not suggesting you do, I’m suggesting that you just give in a little, you need to let go of the compulsion to hold back for other people’s sake. You need to learn to be selfish.”

Harry snorted “Yeah? Do you suggest I take seconds at dinner without asking? How do you even *learn* to be selfish, Hermione?”

Hermione shot him an unamused look “Don’t take that tone with me! I’m trying to help you here” she snapped back with a fake pout, letting him know she wasn’t affected by his sarcasm

“I can’t exactly help it Hermione, how do you propose we even start on this?” He asked

Bingo, Hermione thought. She had wormed her way past his stubborn refusals and got the boy to see sense. He was willing to try. For her. She could work with that.

Hermione had a running theory for how she could get Harry to give into some more of his more ‘primal’ urges without his self-sacrificing tendencies getting in the way. All she needed to do was appeal to that side of him, the one he had locked away securely at all times. She just had to goad and tease him until he couldn’t hold back any longer and then show him that acting that way didn’t break her or scare her off.

Sure, it probably helps that what she had in mind appealed to one of her most persistent kinks. She certainly wouldn’t complain about that fact.

“Well, you need to give in to the more primal side of things, and since you normally have such a strong hold on it, I thought we could do something that would naturally draw out those tendencies in you. Whether you mean to or not.” She explained

Harry had a confused look on his face but was seemingly still willing to hear her out. So far so good.

“And that would be?” he asked.

“Follow me.” She said, and follow he did.

She could tell that her being evasive about what exactly they were doing was putting him on edge, but she really couldn’t explain her plan to him without him vetoing it immediately. Not because he wouldn’t do it, necessarily, more because he would be afraid to see what happens.

After walking for a while in comfortable silence both of them came to just outside the Forbidden Forest. Well, calling it the Forbidden Forest now would be remiss as most of the dangerous and dark creatures were killed during the war and the rest were driven out of the area by the ministry after everything settled, now the ‘Forbidden’ Forest was about as dangerous as the Forest of Dean is when you’re not being pursued by snatchers.

The full moon is out. Both she and Harry knew this. It wasn’t that much of a problem for Harry. His lycanthropy seemed to mutate after the first few failed changes and now during full moons when hit directly by the light of the moon, he just becomes more... feral, in a sense. More animalistic. It’s still Harry but there’s an undertone to his actions and his behaviour that leans more towards baser instincts than usual.

“Why are we out here, Hermione? You know what the moonlight does to me when it’s a full moon.” His voice came out as more of an accusatory growl that sent sparks straight to

Hermione's pussy. She knew he was still gentle as always, but the tendencies he keeps locked away always come closer to the surface around the full moon.

Hermione took her chance and sidled up to Harry, she pressed herself against him and pulled him into a tender kiss. Harry melted into the kiss alongside her and they got lost in each other for the moment.

Hands started roaming and caressing, sending shivers over both of their bodies as curious hands found their targets, Hermione moaned softly into his mouth as she felt him cup her ass gently, and she returned the favour by pressing herself against him with more intent, slightly grinding against his crotch until she was rewarded with feeling his familiar hardness straining against his trousers, gaining a groan from Harry.

"Are you turned on, Harry?" Hermione asked

Harry nodded, the look in his eyes conveying pure lust, the light teasing being aided by the light of the full moon to work Harry up into a frenzy with the barest amount of effort.

"Do you want to fuck me? Do you want to flip my skirt up, push my panties to the side and slip that big, hard, cock of yours into my pretty little pussy?" Hermione asked, the sultry purr of her voice washing over Harry and having the desired effect.

Harry practically growled his next word "Yes, I want nothing more."

Hermione smiled, her plan was going off without a hitch. She had Harry hook, line, and sinker. He was merely along for the ride now that she had him where she wanted him. She had never been turned on more in her life. She had him so very worked up now so that he wouldn't question what she wanted him to do. His mind was now locked in and focused on being buried in her warm, slick, cunt, and he wouldn't stop until that came a reality. All she needed now was the final push in her plan and everything would fall into place.

"You love flying, you love being a seeker. Don't you? You love the thrill of the hunt, even more so after being bitten, you love the heart-pounding sensation of being so close and finally catching that little golden ball after minutes of relentless stalking and pursuit. You love all of that, don't you?" She whispered

Harry nodded again and his gaze darkened a fraction, not understanding where she was going with this when all he wanted to do was have her.

Hermione gave him the answer when she trailed her hand up her thigh and up her hips, lifting her skirt in the wake of her hand gliding along her body and giving him a tantalisingly brief glimpse of the panties she currently had on. They were black, in contrast to the rather utility-focused plain white panties she usually wore, or the colourful lingerie that she occasionally donned for him. That wasn't the curious thing about them though, no, the curious thing was the animated snitch fluttering around the fabric of her panties, fluttering around erratically and pausing at random, sometimes pausing over her pussy before fluttering away and reappearing hovering over her ass. The pattern got the desired effect when even in the light of the moon, she could see Harry's eyes dilate and focus in completely on the snitch, as if it were the only thing in his world currently, the only thing that mattered.

It was the sign that she was looking for, his instincts were rearing their head. He was still in control but for the first time she could see in his gaze there was an animosity there, a darkness that he had always kept locked far away, and it was finally directed at *her*.

“You want me. You want to fuck me so bad, you want to pin me down and ravish me, to ruin me. I *want* you to ruin me. I want you to own me and dick me down until i’m nothing but a screaming mess for you.”

“Hermione...” Harry’s voice was a combination of a strangled groan and a vicious growl. He was desperately holding back from what he so desperately wanted to do. Hermione was going to change that.

“But in order to do that... You’ll need to catch me first. You’ll need to catch the snitch.”
Hermione said

Before Harry could even process her words she took off, the fluttering of leaves behind her and rustling of bushes echoing out into the night as she fled into the forest, her heart was pounding and her blood felt like it was aflame, both with desire and adrenaline.

Harry has looked at her with devotion, adoration, and love, every time they made love before this. She would never complain about that, but this time was different, shortly before taking off into the forest she had locked gazes with him for a brief moment and while all the usual emotions were contained there, the difference this time was the inclusion of other feelings. Desire, lust, possessiveness. It made her heart try to escape her chest it was beating so fast.

All Hermione could focus on right now was the rush of blood and pounding of her heart in her ears, her lungs burning with every breath as her feet beat against the forest floor in a frantic rhythm, snapping twigs in their wake. She pushed through branches and bushes, the rustling and her heavy footfalls accompanying her as she ran further and further into the forest, the light of the moon through the canopy guiding her as she ran.

She felt like prey being hunted, like a deer being chased down by a wild animal - a wolf perhaps - every rustle and snap that wasn’t made by her made her heart rate spike and her system to be flooded with adrenaline again, her throat and lungs were burning from their effort but some unknown force was driving her to run, to flee, to escape the clutches of her pursuer. Every shadow and every flicker of light turned into figures of Harry, lurking in the treeline watching and waiting for his moment to pounce on her. It was exhilarating and feeling like she was being hunted by Harry had her more turned on than she ever thought possible.

Then, all of a sudden, there it was. A faint rustle in the distance, a snap of a twig, another rustle but louder. Then Hermione’s ears picked up on it. Footsteps. Pounding footsteps matching her frantic pace getting closer and closer. Starting out faint until it felt like the footsteps were inside her own head they were so loud.

Hermione kept running. She knew she would be caught, she never had any delusions that she could outrun Harry, he was considerably more fit than her and his ‘enhancements’ meant that it was futile for her to try to escape. That’s what she had planned for, she wanted to be caught, to be pinned down in the middle of a forest and taken by Harry, just the thought alone sent shivers up her spine. She could practically feel his breath on her neck, could hear his breathing coming in short intense pants and he pursued her with only one goal in mind.

She could feel the fatigue starting to kick in, she would be unable to run any longer pretty soon and would be caught, she would have to face her pursuer and she couldn’t wait to see the sheer desire in his eyes again as he loomed over her. Her musing was broken when she broke out of the forest into a clearing in the forest next to a lake, retroactively she realised it was the very same clearing from 3rd year, life was funny like that sometimes, she thought.

She didn't have long to dwell on the particulars of that coincidence because the momentary pause brought about by the familiar surrounding had allowed Harry to close the gap considerably and with a yelp from Hermione he tackled her to the floor, they rolled slightly from the impact with the ground until they came to a stop, Harry pinning Hermione down by the wrists and staring deep into her eyes.

Hermione couldn't help but take in just how intimate all of this felt. She had run, she had been chased down, had been hunted down by Harry. Every single shadow and noise had made her think of him and his approaching presence, her existence had boiled down to this one moment of being caught, trapped under the weight of Harry as he gazed down into her eyes. Both of them were panting from the exertion and could only stare at the other as they regained their breath.

She had never felt like this before. She had been slightly insecure about herself ever since primary school but there was something heady about the fact that he wanted her so bad that he chased her, he hunted her because he wanted nothing more than to fuck her, it was the singular thought in his head and it filled her with a sense of adoration that she could reduce him to that.

It was then, with the moonlight shining down on Harry like a halo in the clearing as he loomed over her and gazed deeply into her eyes that Hermione knew she had won. He was going to let go, she could tell by the way he was devouring her very being with just a look. She knew that the moment his breath was recovered her clothes wouldn't be surviving. He was going to fuck her right there on the ground in the clearing where this all started and she couldn't possibly be happier than she was in that moment.

"This... This is what you wanted isn't it?" Harry asked

Hermione was flushed, she felt like she had just run a marathon and for all she knew, she had. She could barely register Harry's question but when she did all she could do was nod in response.

"You must have forgotten about the enhanced senses," He chuckled "I could smell the arousal coming off of you even before you took off. It led me straight to you. You wanted me to fuck you so bad it was like a beacon in the dark."

Hermione blushed to the roots of her hair hearing that. She had, in fact, forgotten about the enhanced senses. She was only focusing on the fact he was faster than her and completely forgot that he would be able to smell things like that. On one hand, that fact was slightly mortifying, but on the other hand, it was wildly hot. It appealed to her kink. She had been harbouring the same fantasy of being hunted down in a forest and pinned down and fucked senseless for as long as she'd known about sex. It was why she liked it rough and was miffed when Harry wouldn't even attempt it. Everything now was just adding new layers to that fantasy that brought it to life.

"I- It was?" Was all she thought to ask

Harry took a deep breath, something that Hermione belatedly realised must have been driving him mental right now as all he could smell was how much she wanted to be fucked, courtesy of his enhanced senses.

"You were. It's intoxicating, you know? I can't describe it, but it's uniquely you, and to know that I'm more often than not the cause makes my head spin." He said, positioning his knee between her legs.

Hermione didn't care about how it might make her look, she started to grind desperately against Harry, seeking the barest amount of friction while the rest of her was helpless underneath him. The action had a profound effect on Harry, as he bent down and started kissing and licking at her neck. The tickling sensation sent spikes of arousal through her and only served to make her grinding more wanton.

"This is what you wanted, isn't it? All those times you argued I needed to accept my new nature for my own good, all those times you insisted I let go, it was all a ruse so that I would fuck you how you wanted." Harry breathed into her ear, gaining a low whine in response

"You wanted me to pin you down, to fuck you, to use you and treat you like a toy, didn't you? You wanted me to treat you like a whore" He said

Hermione made a keening noise in the back of her throat as Harry called her a whore. She didn't know why that affected her as much as it did. She had thought that she was only into the rough side of sex but being called such a name as Harry spelled out exactly how she wanted to be treated was uniquely embarrassing but in a way that only fueled the fire of her arousal, making her buck up into Harry even more.

She could tell that Harry's restraint was slipping further and that was proven when he reached down between her legs and grabbed her panties roughly before tearing them off her body, the sound of her panties ripping and the cold night air touching her sensitive pussy made her gasp and writhe underneath her

"Caught it." He said triumphantly

"Please, Harry." Hermione pleaded

"Please what?" He shot back with that stupid grin of his

"Fuck me, Harry, I don't want you to make sweet love to me anymore, I want you to show me who's in charge, I want to have trouble walking tomorrow." She babbled out as she fought against the hands pinning her arms down

She desperately wanted to touch herself, to get the barest amount of friction and pleasure she could. The anticipation was killing her, she wanted him more now than she ever had before and was on the cusp of fulfilling years worth of teenage fantasies.

The sound of a zipper being undone reached her ears and it was all she could do to stop herself from moaning. She knew what was coming and Harry was dragging out this sweet torture because he knew how much she wanted this.

Her thoughts were broken when she felt the head of his cock poking lightly at her folds. She was soaking wet from the teasing and she knew that with the lightest of pressure, he could slip inside her without any resistance. She had never been so turned on in her life.

With a grunt, Harry entered her and Hermione thought her world was going to blank out. She'd had sex with Harry before but never was it so intense, so focused, that her mind simply blanked. Maybe it was her kinks heightening her pleasure or maybe it was just the situation itself, with Hermione about to be taken on a forest floor, but whatever it was, when Harry entered her she screamed in pleasure.

“Fuck you *really* wanted this, didn’t you? I lied when I said I never like being rough. I’ve wanted to get rough with you so badly but was afraid it would scare you off. Now I find out that all you’ve wanted was to get pinned down and wrecked by my cock.” He said

Hermione could barely come up with a reply to his statements, never mind actually verbalising it. Harry was thrusting into her with wild abandon and the slaps of skin against skin and the wet noises coming from her pussy were assaulting her senses and only providing more arousal as she was fucked helplessly.

She could feel the power behind his thrusts and every time she moved in time with him she could feel just how solid his hands were pinning her wrists down. She was completely helpless at that moment and it was driving her wild. She thrust her hips up as much as she could manage to try to meet him in the middle but she couldn’t manage much in her position.

Her efforts garnered a smile from Harry and she was hit by the fact that this was *him*. It wasn’t some faceless male from her fantasies, it was *Harry*. The sweet, caring, and kind boy she had known since the start of Hogwarts was fucking her like she was a two-knut whore and that thought was what pushed her over the edge.

With a strangled cry, Hermione came around Harry’s cock, but he didn’t stop, he didn’t slow down. Instead, he sped up, chasing his own orgasm.

Hermione was mildly out of it but she had enough energy left to tell him what she wanted

“Inside. Cum inside me! Breed me! Fill me with your cum, Harry! Please please please!” Her words were a jumble and half ramble but she knew that Harry had understood her.

His thrusting picked up at a fervent pace and Hermione knew that he was close, she could tell in the way she could feel his muscles tense and the look in his eyes that he was just on the edge.

Harry bent down and kissed her. It was in stark contrast to his movements as it was a sweet and tender thing, it contained all of his love and care for her and Hermione at that moment thought she just might cry from Happiness as she felt him tip over the edge and spill his cum inside of her. They were connected at that moment as they shared an embrace in the afterglow of their sex by the lakeside where this all started for the two of them. The light of the moon illuminated the two lovers as the frenzied lovemaking made way for tender kisses and holding one another, basking in the quiet silence.

“I love you” He said, and Hermione knew he meant it with every fibre of his being.

Hermione Granger was not normal, not by any of her own standards, but now, she had someone to share it with. She wouldn’t give that up now, not for the world

“I love you too, Harry”